

they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillings and six pence*, and, *You are welcome*: with this thril addition, *Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Bastard in the Halfe Moone*, or so. But *Ned*, to drine away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by-roume, while I question my pyny Drawer, to what end hee gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: stop aside, and he shew thee a President.

*Poines. Francis.*

*Prin. Thou art perfect.*

*Poin. Francis.*

*Enter Drawer.*

*Fran. Anon, anon sir; looke downe into the Pomgar-net, Ralfe.*

*Prin. Come hither Francis.*

*Fran. My Lord.*

*Prin. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?*

*Fran. Forsooth five yeares, and as much as to—*

*Poin. Francis.*

*Fran. Anon, anon sir.*

*Prin. Five yeares: Berlady along Lease for the clin-king of Pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?*

*Fran. O Lord sir, he be sworne vpon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.*

*Poin. Francis.*

*Fran. Anon, anon sir.*

*Prin. How old art thou, Francis?*

*Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe—*

*Poin. Francis.*

*Fran. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.*

*Prin. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a penyworth, was't not?*

*Fran. O Lord sir, I would it had bene two.*

*Prin. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.*

*Poin. Francis.*

*Fran. Anon, anon.*

*Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thursday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.*

*Fran. My Lord.*

*Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Pike stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.*

*Fran. O Lord sir, who do you meane?*

*Prin. Why then your browne Bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doublet will tulle. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.*

*Fran. What sir?*

*Poin. Francis.*

*Prin. Away you Rogue, dost thou heare them call? Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a cal-*

*ling? Looke to the Guests within: My Lord, olde Sir John with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let them in?*

*Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore.*

*Poines.*

*Enter Poines.*

*Poin. Anon, anon sir.*

*Prin. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theenes, are at the doore, shall we be merry?*

*Poin. As merrie as Crickets, my Lad. But harke yet, What cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?*

*Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed them. selues humors, since the old dayes of Goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?*

*Fran. Anon, anon sir.*

*Prin. That euer this Fellow should haue fewer words then a Parrot, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His industry is vp-staires and down-staires, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hotspur of the North, he that killes me some fixe or seauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and faxes to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet *Harry* sayes she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answeres, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaffe*, he play *Perey*, and that dam'd Brawne shall play *Dame Mortimer* his wife, *Rino*, sayes the drunkard. Call in *Ribs*, call in *Tallow*.*

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Poin. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou bene?*

*Fal. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, he fowe nether stockes, and mended them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?*

*Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.*

*Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke tooth there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous mannyer: a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sacke with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring: there lyes not three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Weauer, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.*

*Prin. How now Woolfacke, what murther you?*

*Fal. A Kings Sonne: If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drine all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geese, he neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?*

*Prin. Why you horson round man? what's the matter?*

*Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and Poines there?*

*Prin. Yefatch paunch; and yee call mee Coward, hee stab thee.*

*Fal. I call thee Coward? Hee see thee dam'd ere I call the Coward: but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: Call you that*

that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

*Prin. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk'st last.*

*He drinks.*

*Falst. All's one for that.*

*A plague of all Cowards still, say I.*

*Prin. What's the matter?*

*Falst. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.*

*Prin. Where is it, Iack? where is it?*

*Falst. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.*

*Prin. What, a hundred, man?*

*Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword backt like a Hand-saw, ecce signum. I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.*

*Prin. Speake sirs, how was it?*

*Gad. We foure set vpon some dozen.*

*Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord.*

*Gad. And bound them.*

*Peto. No, no, they were not bound.*

*Falst. You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a lew else, an Ebrew Iew.*

*Gad. As we were sharing, some fixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs.*

*Falst. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.*

*Prin. What, fought yee with them all?*

*Falst. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fittie of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fittie vpon poore olde Iack, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.*

*Poin. Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered some of them.*

*Falst. Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let drine at me.*

*Prin. What, foure? thou sayd'st but two, euen now.*

*Falst. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.*

*Poin. I, he said foure.*

*Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainely thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my Targuet, thus.*

*Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.*

*Falst. In Buckrom.*

*Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.*

*Falst. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine else.*

*Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.*

*Falst. Doeest thou heare me, *Hal*?*

*Prin. I and marke thee too, Iack.*

*Falst. Doe so, for it is worth the listning too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.*

*Prin. So, two more already.*

*Falst. Their Points being broken.*

*Poin. Downe fell his Hile.*

*Falst. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me*

close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

*Prin. O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two?*

*Falst. But as the Deuill would haue it, three mis-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let drine at me; for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.*

*Prin. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them, grosse as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn'd Guts, thou Knorty-pared Foole, thou Horson ob-scene greasie Tallow Catch.*

*Falst. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?*

*Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'st thou to this?*

*Poin. Come, your reason Iack, your reason.*

*Falst. What, vpon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion, I.*

*Prin. He be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This fanguine Coward, this Bed-prester, this Horse-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.*

*Falst. Away you Staruelling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles-pissell, you stocke-fish: O for breth to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you hearth you Bow-case, you vile standing tucke.*

*Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and when thou hast ty'd thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus.*

*Poin. Marke Iacke.*

*Prin. We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can shew it you in the House. And *Falstaffe*, you caried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne and roard, as euer I heard Bull-Calf. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?*

*Poin. Come, let's heare Iacke: What tricke hast thou now?*

*Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware Instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue the Mony. Hostesse, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempory.*

*Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy runing away.*

*Fal. A, no more of that *Hal*, and thou louest me.*

*Enter Hostesse.*

*Host. My Lord, the Prince?*

*Prin.*